

The Bee.

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Young Men Christain Association
and the Church.

About ten years ago a number of earnest, christian gentlemen established in this city a Young Mens Christian Association, and attempted to buy a building for it as a home on 11th street between Q and R streets northwest. To the humiliation of the colored people of Washington the scheme failed, and it has been said that it did not succeed because the preachers would not allow their Churches to support it. And yet one of these same preachers is making a verulent and violent attack on the Metropole Club, a laical organization of the highest class and strange as it may seem this Club is located in the same block in which this Young Mens Christian Association was situated. Perhaps if these preachers had given their support to the Association there would have been no necessity for the Metropole Club, or any other laical club where the young men of our community can find those opportunities to read the best literature and play innocent games as was contemplated by the Young Men Christain Association. Moreover, the Metropole Club intends later on to develop another feather of the defunct Association in the way of a gymnasium.

Conventions.

There are to be two conventions held in Philadelphia next month. The Afro-American Press Association and the Afro-American Council. As the outcome of both will be about the same, it is almost useless to have separate meetings. There is one exception however, one has a constitution and the other has none. The Press Association is of the opinion that its members carry enough constitution in their heads, hence it needs no written constitution. There was a constitution adopted, by the Press Association, some few years ago, but the members became so learned in law that they didn't need a constitution. Now if President Adams will only admit bona fida newspaper men and keep out the big I's and little U's, that is, the fake ministers and bishops who want to make speeches he will do something worthy of note. There has never been a time, in the history of the Press Association but what some bishop or jack leg minister is present at the meetings to make a speech to enable him to get his name in the paper. It is sickening to hear members to be continually harassed to death by a lot of win. Negro conventions amount to a very little any way. The Negro Press Association, instead of being composed of bona fida editors, every cross road correspondent is admitted and permitted to take part in the proceedings. Let us have a Press Association indeed and in fact and an Association of Editors.

Official Arrogance.

There is adifference between the officials of the white schools and those in the colored schools. Superintendent Stewart has the respect and confidence of his teachers, while the negro superintendent is disliked by a large number of his teachers. It would be better for the colored schools and teachers to be under the charge of the white superintendent, because the sev-

eral schools would have one system of discipline. It is currently reported that several of the negro officers in the colored schools have one way of acting toward the white teachers and another way of acting toward the colored teachers. If the colored schools are to be officered by negroes, the Board of Education should see that worthy gentlemen officials are appointed and not negroes who are regarded as opoligists and trimmers. A white man will respect manliness. He dislikes the sycophant and hypocrite. With a few exceptions Commissioner Macfarland has succeeded in having a model School Board of Education.

The Colored Attorneys.

There is a great deal for the colored members of the bar to learn. A lawyer should be honorable in his dealings with his clients. He should act on the square with his brother member of the bar and should do nothing that would tend to place him in a suspicious position. There is a great deal of jealousy among colored members of the bar towards each other. Back biting, treachery and the like are some of the principal characteristics of some of the colored members of the b

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

The Louisiana exhibit at the Pan American exposition will occupy 2,000 square feet of space.

Canada's exhibit at the Pan-American exposition will occupy a space of about 3,000 square feet.

New York state will have about 4,000 square feet of space for its exhibit at the Pan-American exposition.

Arrangements have been made to send the miniature Ferris wheel, which has been on exhibition at San Francisco several years, to Buffalo as part of the California exhibition. It will be filled with California dried fruit.

Three million logs in one massive pile make a very interesting sight. A large photograph of such a pile at Am burg, Wis., and 30 other interesting views will form a part of the exhibit of the lumber industries of northern Wisconsin, at the Pan-American exposition.

There will be only one building at the Pan-American exhibition in Buffalo designed in its entirety by a woman, and that one is the structure which will represent the states of New England. The woman whose brilliancy as an architect has gained her this honor is Miss Josephine Wright Chapman, of Boston.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The outdoor sporting tastes of the emperor of Japan range from lawn tennis to football.

Arthur James Balfour, first lord of the British treasury, is a fine pianist and music is his hobby.

Mrs. Alice Burnhill Bruce, who recently died at Columbus, O., leaves nearly 300 lineal descendants. She was 94 years old.

The sultan has presented the czar with a magnificent table, with all accessories for smoking. It has been manufactured at the Yildiz factory and is embellished with his majesty's portrait, set in diamonds.

Ex-Senator Roger O. Mills, of Texas, is rapidly becoming an oil baron. His income from oil lands he owns in the Beaumont district of the Lone Star state is over \$15,000 per month, with no sign of exhaustion in the greasy flow.

Grover Cleveland is now for the second time the only living ex-president. Once before he enjoyed this distinction, none of his predecessors being alive after the death of Rutherford B. Hayes, January 17, 1893. Within seven weeks, however, Mr. Harrison's name was added to the list.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Ammonia cleans hair brushes; dry them bristles down.

A bit of blotting paper and a hot iron take out a grease spot.

A good hair wash: One pint water, one ounce sal soda, one-quarter ounce cream of tartar.

On one of the Indian reservations in New York state is a toy factory which employs several hundred Indians all the year around. The toys manufactured here are being shipped all over the world.

George W. Lederer, the theatrical manager, has a scheme for building in New York a duplicate of the big London hippodrome, to contain a circus, a theater and a vaudeville house. He has had an offer of 20 different sites.

Helix—Men are strange beings! I refused Ned Klinger years ago, because he is so much younger than I am, and he proposed again last week.

Ethel—Oh, well, he's nearer your

Close Quarters.

She—Am I really the first girl you ever hugged?

He—Y-e-s; but I've made calls on girls who lived in flats.—N. Y. Weekly.

MARRIED IN A BUGGY

Eloping Couple Foils Obdurate and Bellicose Papa.

International Love Episode with a Romantic Ending—A Wedding on Country Road, Performed in a Few Seconds.

Nettie Savoie was a nice-looking young woman who lived with her parents in Crescent City, Ill. Nettie's papa did not like the kind of young men they raise either in Crescent City or in Gilman, which is the town where the citizens of Crescent City visit when they want to see a circus or attend court.

Papa Savoie declared that Nettie should not wed any of the young men who plow corn for a living around Crescent City, and especially was it given out by Savoie pere that Nettie should not smile upon the suit of one Peck Salgald.

Nettie's papa is a Frenchman, says the Chicago Tribune, and he disliked Peck because Peck is a Teuton whose father and all his near relatives helped yank Alsace and Lorraine away from "la belle France."

"A bas dis man what ju call Salgald," Savoie pere was wont to remark. "He is of the German—he is canaille. He my Natalie shall he wed not. Consueze Salgald."

Peck was too hardy a Teuton to be daunted by the vapors of Savoie pere. He bided his time and kept closer watch on Crescent City than his ancestors did on the Rhine. Whenever opportunity offered the German forces would enter Crescent City and drive about waiting for a chance to win a smile from the dark-eyed Nettie. Nettie absolutely wandered out of church one bright Sunday morning somewhat in advance of the rest of the family. She was confused by the glare of the sun and absent-mindedly clambered into the buggy which Herr Salgald was driving. Herr Salgald, remembering the injunction to gather your rosebuds while you may, started



M. SAVOIE IN PURSUIT.

to drive away, but the French army came up on the double quick and swung on the horses' heads, and Nettie had to descend and return to her family.

The next day a constable wearing chin whiskers and a tin star came down and arrested Mr. Savoie on the charges of inciting a riot, disturbing the peace, retarding traffic, breaking a bride strap, lacerating the feelings of Herr Salgald's horses, and committing numerous other offenses and misdemeanors, all connected with the church incident of Sunday morning. M. Savoie, filled with righteous indignation, made haste to appear before the justice of the peace at Watseka.

While Savoie pere was thus busily engaged Herr Salgald drove over to Crescent City in a buggy and started to drive away with the fair Nettie. A farm boy working in a field near by unhitched his fleetest roan mare from the plow and rode post haste to Watseka, and soon M. Savoie was thundering back to Crescent City.

Herr Salgald had wasted considerable time driving around Crescent City looking for a minister, but could find none. Suddenly he spied a justice of the peace mending a barbed wire fence by the roadside. At the same moment he saw afar the cloud of dust which heralded the approach in hot haste of Savoie pere.

There was no time to lose. Peck and Nettie clasped hands as they sat in the buggy and responded to the words hurled at them by the justice on the other side of the barbed wire fence. Nearer and nearer approached the hurrying hoofs of papa's steed.

"I do pronounce you man and wife," said the justice.

The happy couple turned their horses and drove away. M. Savoie said things in French to the justice of the peace.

Cat Sticks to Old Home.

It is a well-known fact that cats form their attachments not so much for persons as for localities and surroundings. A Pittsburgh family recently vacated a house inhabited for many years, and for some reason neglected to take along the household cat. Now every night about ten o'clock the cat appears about the deserted premises, stays around, very disconsolate, until midnight and then disappears, nobody knows where. On her nightly arrival she goes first to the front door, where she scratches and mews, as though calling for some one to come and open it. Then she makes a round of the cellar windows and finally climbs over the back fence. The cat looks half starved, and so the neighbors who knew her in more prosperous days now feed her every night when she returns to her old home.

Unvaccinated Persons Law.

Unvaccinated persons are not allowed to vote at elections in Norway.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Parson Had to Do the Family Cooking and Perform Other Love-Killing Duties.

Rev. William S. Brandon, of the Second Baptist church, Detroit, Mich., has commenced proceedings for a divorce against his wife, Ora Brandon, whom he married September 10, 1891, at Colorado Springs. He alleges cruelty; says she frequently locked him out of the house and threw a shoe at him when he tried to climb in the window.

He alleges in his bill that after Sunday morning sermon he was frequently compelled to wash the clothes and get dinner. He appeared as a witness the other morning, and said:

"I had no peace of mind, no happiness at home. I was in a constant state



FORCED TO DO THE WASHING.

of nervousness, and I could not endure it. My life was made bitter.

"For six long years I prayed for guidance in the matter, and after her last outburst last Christmas I informed her that after six years of praying for Divine guidance I could no longer live under the same roof with her. Rather than do that I would give up the ministry."

After their marriage they went to live in Colorado Springs, the home of his bride's parents. About six months afterward, he said, he began to prepare for the ministry, and then his wife, he declares, began a course of brutal treatment which continued until they separated January 1.

In 1895, Rev. Mr. Brandon was called to a church in Ann Arbor, his wife following him soon afterward. Three years after he was called to Detroit, where he remained until his resignation a few months ago.

He would often come home and find himself locked out, he said to a Chicago American reporter, and once during a quarrel he avowed his wife went to get the ax. Fearing violence, he locked her out. Mrs. Brandon, however, knocked the door in with the ax, and when Brandon restrained her from striking him she grabbed a bread knife, it is charged, and took several gouges out of the fingers of one hand.

PLUCKY LITTLE FELLOW.

Although Only a Newshy He Had the Courage to Reprove a Thoughtless Citizen.

He wasn't very big, says the Denver Times, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterward that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers.

At the loop on Fifteenth street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the



"HIT ME, I'M BIG ENOUGH!"

evening cars. A ragged young girl was selling flowers at the Fifteenth street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, defiantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough."

The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes sparkle with joy and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping the old world in a condition of self-respect."

Then he caught his car and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.

DIVIDED THE HOUSE.

Domestic Quarrel Leads to Semi-Voluntary Separation.

Old Homestead Shelters Both Husband and Wife, But a Chalk Line Keeps Them Apart—A Bucolic Scandal.

When Leander Southard and his wife quarreled, says the New York World, they divided their house in two sections with a chalk line. The wife and the baby took up their abode on the south side, which was the sunnier and best, while the husband occupied the chilly and dark region on the northern limit of the frontier.

This division of territory, however, was a failure as a peacemaker, and for a reason which international politicians will appreciate. There was no buffer state between the two parties and frontier frictions arose that have driven them into the courts.

Leander Southard, whose chalkline cottage is at Norwood, L. I., two miles from Lynbrook, is now suing John Johnson, a rich farmer and neighbor, for \$10,000 damages, claiming that he stole away the affections of Mrs. Southard. Lawyer George A. Mott served the papers the other day.

The Southards, it is said, lived happily until one day the wife came to her husband and broke some news to him.

"I love Farmer Johnson," he says she said. "I have loved him for three years." Then she snapped her fingers defiantly.

"Leave my house at once!" cried the angry husband.

"I won't!" retorted the wife. "I have done nothing wrong. I shall not leave until I am ready."

Then the chalkline, balkline plan suggested itself. Southard bought five cents' worth of chalk and drew the line, and the wife moved the baby and sewing machine over to her territory. Every Saturday night during three years Southard put the housekeeping money for the week on the chalkline, taking care not to invade his wife's preserves.

Farmer Johnson was a frequent caller, but he never went north of



ON THE DIVIDING LINE.

the chalkline. Southard glared across the white frontier at him, but made no protest, even when the farmer took Mrs. Southard out driving or to the village picnics or to husking bees.

A week ago, it is said, Mrs. Southard deposited the baby on the chalkline and disappeared. She did not return that night. This the husband looked upon as a provocation to war, and he went looking through the village for facts. He started his damage suit against Johnson as a result of what he thought he discovered.

With his lawyer and a constable Southard hunted Johnson to serve the papers on him. They found him milking a cow. He saw them first and hid in a cellar. The subsequent hunt for him included a chase across lots and some tree climbing. He was served eventually.

The Southards got some more chalk and renewed the chalkline. The wife sat on the south side of it and sulked. Together they talked to a reporter.

"I love Johnson best, and I'm glad to get rid of my husband," said the wife. "I married for a home and because Mr. Southard said he'd kill himself if I didn't. I married him to save his life. I'm sorry I did it."

"It's his own fault. He let me go with Johnson while he danced and flirted with my younger sister. He has proposed to her. She says so. But I won't let him marry her while I'm alive."

"Keep your side of the chalkline!" exclaimed the husband, warningly.

"Keep your side yourself!" angrily cried the wife.

Native African Telephone.

People often wonder how the natives in Africa contrive to transmit news with apparently miraculous rapidity across miles of bush and desert. The explanation is a simple one. They use the telephone. The Southardese telephone is nothing like the one in use in European countries. It is of two kinds—a hollowed-out elephant tusk of immense size or a tam-tam. The tusk can be made to transmit seven distinct notes by means of a slice of tree bark, which is placed on the outside of the tusk at varying distances from the mouthpiece. By means of this instrument sounds can be heard at a distance of several miles, and messages are frequently transmitted as much as 200 miles in a single day by these primitive telephones.

Rose Takes Place of Ring.

A wedding without a ring seems incongruous, but in Cadiz, Spain, no ring is used. After the ceremony the bridegroom moves the flower in his bride's hair from left to right, for in various parts of Spain to wear a rose above your right ear is to proclaim yourself a wife. Thus the rose takes the place of the ring.

BOY COMMITS MURDER.

A Case Which Is Attracting the Undivided Attention of Criminalologists All Over Europe.

Criminologists of Europe are stirred by a five-year-old murderer in Vienna. Johann Karpisek is the name of the youngest slayer in the world and his victim was Ludwig Schmidt, the three-year-old son of a barber. There was a motive for the crime and neighbors say that the deed was thoroughly premeditated. This last assertion seems certainly incredible, considering the age of the slayer, but such specialists in criminology as Dr. Thomas, of the Vienna university, assert that even at that age the human mind is capable of such criminal conceptions.



THE YOUNGEST MURDERER.

Like any adult criminal, the boy was arrested and in company with his mother was put in jail. Both are incarcerated to this day and Austrian justice is greatly puzzled how to dispose of this odd case. The consensus of public opinion has from the start been to give freedom to mother and child, but it seems that there has been a long-standing grudge between the Schmidt and Karpisek families and the Frau Karpisek is accused of having partly instigated the crime. She is at least charged with having often uttered dire threats against the Schmidt child.

The murder, if it may be called so, occurred in front of the Schmidt house. Little Ludwig had just received a piece of cake from his father. Johann came to him and asked him for a piece of cake. The boy refused and screamed when an attempt was made to take it away from him. Unable to secure the cake by force, Johann took a knife which he happened to have in his hand and stabbed his three-year-old playmate. The little boy died the same day. There is much speculation as to the fate of the boy murderer and his mother.

BURIED WITH A SNAKE.

Hypnotized Man and Reptile Have a Lively Underground Struggle at Wheeling, W. Va.

The Wheeling (W. Va.) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic is authority for the statement that "Prof." Charles Cooper is a very successful hypnotist, and James "Cannonball" Morris is an unusually susceptible subject. For several years they have added to their regular income by giving exhibitions, many of which caused physicians and learned men to marvel.

One successful scheme was for Cooper to hypnotize Morris and bury him underground in the local parks



NEARLY CHOKED TO DEATH.

and resurrect him the next day for the edification of public picnickers.

As a public attraction became commonplace, so the other night Cooper hypnotized Morris, then hypnotized a five-foot black snake and buried them in one box at Mozart park, to be dug up next day at the butchers' big picnic. An air pipe was let into the coffin-like box and a guard stationed on the surface.

Shortly after daylight the guard was roused by muffled cries coming up from the bowels of the earth. He put his ear to the air pipe and Morris told him the snake had come from under control and was getting entirely too friendly. Morris begged to be dug out.

The guard ran for help and tools. When he got back Morris was hardly able to talk. He said the snake was wound about his neck and was choking him to death. Fortunately the earth was soft and Morris was released in a few minutes. He was black in the face, the friendly serpent being thrice wrapped about his neck.

"Cannonball" had the reptile's head in one hand and the tail in the other, thus saving his life. He has lost faith in Cooper's power over snakes.

Baked Potatoes Are Best.

Baked potatoes supply more nourishment than those cooked in any other way, and fried ones are the most difficult to digest.